
No. 181.—*Facts and reflections for the Consideration of the thoughtful.*

Wealth, population, and intelligence are essential elements of national power and greatness. Without these elements it is impossible for any yet occupied a conspicuous place among the nations of the earth, and we may safely say, that without them no people ever will.

Now the principal sources of wealth, are manufactures, agriculture and commerce. Neither of these departments of industry can be neglected without detriment to the State. And if it be believed that an example cannot be found in the history of the world, of a nation without manufactures and commerce, that was not in a semi-barbarous State. If the States of this confederacy which have directed their attention exclusively to agriculture are an apparent exception to the general rule, it is owing to the fact, that they were originally settled by a brave high-minded, and intelligent people, and that after since, they have been most intimately associated with the manufacturing and commercial States of the Union. But manufactures and commerce can not flourish where slavery is tolerated. The past history, and the present condition of these States, establish the truth of this position, beyond a doubt. I propose now to institute a comparison between the manufactures of Ohio and Kentucky. A like comparison of our free and slave States of the Union would afford still more striking examples of the withering and blighting influence of slavery upon the manufacturing interests of a people. The following tables are made out from the United States Census for 1840:

| | |
|---|--------------|
| Value of Machinery manufactured in Ohio, | \$75,731 |
| Value of Machinery manufactured in Kentucky, | 46,074 |
| Difference in favor of Ohio, | \$29,657 |
| Hardware, Cutlery, &c., manufactured in Ohio, | \$383,300 |
| Hardware, Cutlery, &c., manufactured in Kentucky, | 23,350 |
| Difference in favor of Ohio, | \$359,950 |
| Precious Metals manufactured in Ohio, | \$93,125 |
| Precious Metals manufactured in Kentucky, | 19,060 |
| Difference in favor of Ohio, | \$74,065 |
| " " " " " " " " " " " " | \$12,687 |
| " " " " " " " " " " " " | 240,519 |
| Difference in favor of Ohio, | \$127,832 |
| Woollen manufactures of Ohio, value | \$685,747 |
| " " " " " " " " " " " " | 151,200 |
| Difference in favor of Ohio; | \$534,547 |
| Mixed manufactures of Ohio, | \$287,483 |
| " " " " " " " " " " " " | 127,473 |
| Difference in favor of Ohio, | \$160,010 |
| Hats, Caps, Bonnets, &c., made in Ohio, | \$731,541 |
| Hats, Caps, Bonnets, &c., made in Kentucky, | 205,799 |
| Difference in favor of Ohio, | \$525,742 |
| Medicinal Drugs, Paints, Dyes, &c., of Ohio, | \$102,080 |
| Medicinal Drugs, Paints, Dyes, &c., of Kentucky, | 28,394 |
| Difference in favor of Ohio, | \$73,686 |
| Various metals manufactured in Ohio, | \$742,501 |
| Various metals manufactured in Kentucky, | 164,250 |
| Difference in favor of Ohio, | \$578,251 |
| Paper, &c., manufactured in Ohio, | \$350,240 |
| " " " " " " " " " " " " | 44,300 |
| Difference in favor of Ohio, | \$305,940 |
| Carriages and Wagons manufactured in Ohio, | \$170,228 |
| Carriages and Wagons manufactured in Ky., | 168,724 |
| Difference in favor of Ohio, | \$3,504 |
| Value of articles manufactured by Saw mills, Flooring mills, Oil mills, &c., in Ohio, | \$786,311 |
| Same of Ky., | 2,437,597 |
| Difference in favor of Ohio | \$6,311 |
| Furnitures manufactured in Ohio, | \$740,476 |
| " " " " " " " " " " " " | 273,130 |
| Difference in favor of Ohio, | \$467,346 |
| Value of houses built in Ohio, | \$3,776,840 |
| " " " " " " " " " " " " | \$1,030,713 |
| Difference in favor of Ohio, | \$2,746,127 |
| Value of Lumber manufactured in Ohio, | \$269,281 |
| Value of Lumber manufactured in Ky., | 130,339 |
| Difference in favor of Ohio, | \$138,942 |
| Articles manufactured out of Leather in Ohio, | \$1,326,110 |
| Articles manufactured out of Leather in Ky., | 732,646 |
| Difference in favor of Ohio, | \$593,464 |
| Total of the above manufactured in Ohio, | \$21,124,004 |
| Total of the above manufactured in Ky., | 5,582,540 |
| Total difference in favor of Ohio, | \$15,541,464 |
| Total capital invested in manufactures in Ohio, | \$16,905,357 |
| Total capital invested in manufactures in Ky., | 5,545,339 |
| Difference in favor of Ohio, | \$11,359,998 |

Such are the results of a comparison of some of the leading articles manufactured in Ohio and Kentucky. Could the comparison have been brought down to the present time, the contrast would have been still more striking. Ohio has greatly increased her manufactures within the last eight years, while Kentucky has made but little if any progress. Indeed, manufacturers scarcely be said to exist at all among us, so a distinct and productive branch of industry One of the great fountain whence flow the wealth of nations, both no treasures for Old Kentucky—No, and what earth she? She rejoices in hog and hominy, and slith leisurely and thoughtfully in the shade, while across west. And shall it always be so? Shall she always thus muffled in her idle dignity, scornful of reason, experience, of prudence, of patriotism, of valor, and of conscience? Are we not so enclined to ignorance and prejudice, that our ray of light shall never penetrate our dark abode? Are there no patriots in Kentucky? Are there none that care for her future greatness and glory?

C. F.

*There is perhaps no better criterion by which to judge of the degree of cultivation, civilization, and general prosperity of a people, than the houses constructed by them in a given time. They are, as it were, the mark to which men properly display its wealth, manifest its taste, and indicate its ideas of firm and beauty, as well as those of comfort, economy and convenience. In this view of the subject, the fact that the value of the houses erected in Kentucky in a given time, is over a little more than one-fourth as much as that of those constructed in Ohio during the same period, becomes very significant; aside from the indication of a great superiority in point of wealth on the part of Ohio.

Well said.

An influential correspondent from Glasgow writes us:

"I learn to-day that the Era encountered a rub on the 19th inst. It is not strange that while the masses in the old world, are clamoring for universal liberty, to the great terror of tyrants and despots that our own American Republic, at its Capital, should exhibit such scenes."

Put down the axes, and farewell to our motto!

LITERARY EXAMINER.

Happy Hours.
I am only happy when alone,
Then I can think of thee,
And hear no harsh discordant tone
To break my reverie.
They tell me that my heart is cold—
Unkind, too, and strange;
But could they see me in my fold,
How soon their thoughts would change!
Now that art absent, every hour
Seems doubled with despair,
Whose stern supremacy of power
Crushes the bright and fair.
I weary of the shortest day,
An grateful when 'tis flown,
For when night comes, I steal away
To think of thee alone.
I look upon the stars, and
And worship each small gem;
Because, I think, perhaps thy eyes
Are gazing, too, on them.
And then I wonder if thy love
Be constant as my own,
If I could but see thee above,
Then think of me alone.
I mix not with the joyous throng,
Where glad hearts aptly meet;
I never sing thy favorite song—
Thou sayest thou canst not.
I keep it, therefore, for thee;
I call that song my own,
And never is it sung by me
Save when I am alone.
My thoughts all tending to one source,
Are habit in gloom;
Apparent joy I cannot force—
I never could assume.
To think of thee, morn, noon, and night,
My heart is ever prone,
And all I ask to feel delight
Is but to be alone.
Oh! when wilt thou return again
To change the hue of things;
Time seems to move alone in pain
On dark and sorrow wings.
Oh! when wilt thou return to cheer
The heart that's all thine own,
That it may be less sad and drear—
Less happy when alone?
—Fraser's Magazine.

Extract from Gov. Howard's Oration on the Death of John Quincy Adams.

The model by which John Quincy Adams, formed his character was Cicero. Not the living Cicero, sometimes inconsistent; often irresolute; too often seeming to act a studied part, and always coveting of applause. But Cicero, as he seemed to be, and as he appears revealed in those immortal emanations of his genius which have been the delight and guide of intellect and virtue in every succeeding age. Like the Roman, Adams was an orator, but he did not fall into the error of the Roman, in practically valuing eloquence more than the beneficence to which it should be devoted. Like him, he was a Statesman and a Magistrate, worthy to be called "The Second Founder of the Republic."—Like him, a teacher of Didactic Philosophy, of morals, and even of his own peculiar art; and like him, he made all liberal learning tributary to that noble art, while Poetry was the inseparable companion of his genius in its hours of relaxation from the labors of the Forum and of the Capitol.
Like him, he loved only the society of good men, and by his generous praise of such, illustrated the Roman's beautiful aphorism, that no one can be envious of good deeds, who has confidence in his own virtue. Like Cicero he kept himself unstained by social or domestic vice; preserved serenity and cheerfulness; cherished habitual reverence for the Deity, and dwelt continually, not on the mystic theology of the schools, but on the hopes of a better life. He lived in what would be regarded as the virtuous age of his country, while Cicero was surrounded by an overwhelming degeneracy. He had the light of Christianity for his guide; and his sublime motives as incentives to virtue, while Cicero had only the confused instructions of the Grecian Schools, and saw nothing certainly attainable but present applause and future fame. In moral culture, therefore, he excelled his model and rivalled Cato. But Cato was a visionary, who insisted upon his right to act always without reference to the condition of mankind, as he should have acted in Plato's imaginary Republic. Adams stood in this respect midway between the impracticable Stoic and the too flexible Academician. He had no occasion to say, as the Grecian orator did, that if he had sometimes acted contrary to himself, he had never acted contrary to the Republic; but he might justly have said, as the noble Roman did, "I have rendered to my country all the great services which I was willing to receive at my hands, and I have never harbored a thought concerning her that was not divine."

More fortunate than Cicero, who fell a victim to civil wars which he could not avert, Adams was permitted to linger on the earth, until the generations of that future age, for whom he had lived and to whom he had appealed from the condemnation of contemporaries, came up before the curtain which had shut out his sight, and pronounced over him, as he was sinking into the grave, their judgment of Approval and Benediction.

The distinguished characteristics of his life were BENEFICENT LABOR and PERSONAL DEVOTION. He never sought wealth, but devoted himself to the service of mankind. Yet by the practice of frugality and method, he secured the enjoyment of dealing forth continually no stinted charities, and died in affluence. He never solicited place or preferment, and had no paragon combinations or even connections; yet he received honors which eluded the covetous grasp of those who formed parties, rewarded friends and proscribed enemies; and he filled a longer period of varied and distinguished service than ever fell to the lot of any other citizen. In every stage of this progress he was COSTLY. He was content to be President, Minister, Representative or Citizen.

Stricken in the midst of this service, in the very act of rising to debate, he fell into the arms of Conscript Fathers of the Republic. A long lethargy supervened and oppressed his senses. Nature rallied the wasting powers, on the verge of the grave, for a very brief period. But it was long enough for him. The re-kindled eye showed that the re-collected mind was clear, calm and vigorous. His weeping family, and his sorrowing country were there. He surveyed the scene, and knew at once its fatal import. He had left no duty unperformed; he had no wish unsatisfied; no ambition unattained; no regret, no sorrow, no fear, no remorse. He could not shake off the dews of death that gathered on his brow. He could not pierce the thick shades that rose up before him. But he knew that Eternity lay close by the shores of Time. He knew that his Redeemer lived. Eloquence, even in that hour, inspired him with his ancient sublimity of utterance. "THIS," said the dying man, "THIS IS THE END OF EARTH." He paused for a moment and then added, "I AM CONTENT." Angels might well draw aside the curtains of the night to look down on such a scene—a scene that approximated even to that scene of unapproachable sublimity, not to be recalled without reverence, when in mortal agony, one who spoke as never man spoke, said, "IT IS FINISHED."

Only two years after the birth of John Quincy Adams, there appeared on an island in the Mediterranean Sea, a Human Spirit, newly born, endowed with equal genius, without the regulating qualities of justice and benevolence which Adams possessed in an eminent degree. A like career opened to both—Born like Adams a subject of a King—the child of more genial skies, like him, became in early life a patriot and a citizen of a new and great Republic. Like Adams he lent his service to the State in precocious youth, and in its hour of need, and won its confidence. But unlike Adams he could not wait the dull delays of slow and laborious, but sure advancement. He sought power by the hasty road that leads through fields of carnage, and he became like Adams, a Supreme Magistrate, a Consul, but there were other Consuls. He was not content. He thrust his nose aside, and was Consul alone. Consular power was too short. He fought new battles and was Consul for life. But Power, confessedly derived from the People, must be exercised in obedience to their will, and must be resigned to them again, at least in death. He was not content. He desolated Europe almost, subdued the Republic, imprisoned the Patriarch who presided over Rome's comprehensive Seas, and obliged him to pour on his head the sacred oil that made the persons of Kings divine, and their right to reign indefeasible. He was an Emperor. But he saw around him a mother, brothers and sisters not enrolled; whose humble state reminded him, and the world, that he was born a Plebeian; and he had no heir to wait impatient for the Imperial Crown. He scorned the earth again, and again Fortune smiled on him even in his wild extravagance. He bestowed Kingdoms and Principalities upon his kindred—put away the devoted wife of his youthful days, and another, a daughter of Cleopatra's Imperial house, joyfully accepted his proud alliance. Offspring gladdened his anxious sight; a diadem was placed on his infant brow, and it received the homage of princes, even in its cradle. Now he was indeed a monarch—a legitimate Monarch—a Monarch by Divine appointment—the first of an endless succession of Monarchs. But there were other Monarchs who held sway in the Earth. He was not content. He would reign with his kindred alone. He gathered new and greater armies, from his own land—from subjugated lands. He called forth the young and brave—one from every household—from the Pyrenees to the Zuyder Zee—from Jura to the Ocean. He marshalled them into long and majestic columns, and went forth to seize that universal dominion which seemed almost within his grasp. But Ambition had tempted Fortune too far. The nations of the Earth resisted, repelled, pursued, surrounded him. The paganist was ended. The crown fell from his presumptuous head. The wife who had wedded him in his pride forsook him when the hour of fear came upon him. His child was ravished from his sight. His kinsmen were degraded to their first Estate, and he was no longer Emperor, nor Consul, nor General, nor even a Citizen, but an Exile and a Prisoner, on a lonely island, in the midst of the wild Atlantic. Discontent attended him there. The wayward man fretted out a few long years of his yet unborn childhood, looking off at the earliest dawn and in evening's latest twilight, towards that distant world that had only just eluded his grasp. His heart corroded. Death came, not unlooked for, though it came even then unlooked for. He was stretched on his bed within the fort which constituted his Prison. A few fast and faithful friends stood around with the guards who rejoiced that the hour of relief from long and wearisome watching, was at hand. As his strength waned away, delirium stirred up the brain from its long and inglorious inactivity. The Patient of Ambition returned. He was again a Lieutenant, a General, a Consul, an Emperor of France. He filled again the throne of Charlemagne. His kindred pressed around him, again re-invested with the pompous pageantry of Royalty. The Daughter of the long line of Kings again stood proudly by his side, and the sunny face of his Child shone out from beneath the diadem that encircled its flowing locks. The Marshals of the Empire awaited his command. The legions of the Old Guard were in the field, their scarred faces rejuvenated, and their ranks, thinned in many battles, replenished. Russia, Prussia, Austria, Denmark and England, gathered their mighty hosts to give him battle. Once more he mounted his impatient charger, and rushed forth to conquest. He waved his sword aloft and cried "TERRE ARMÉE!" The feverish vision broke—the mockery was ended. The silver cord was loosed, and the warrior fell back upon his bed a lifeless corpse. This was the END OF EARTH. THE CORNICIAN WAS NOT CORRECT.

SPATEMEN AND CITIZENS! The contrast suggests its own impressive moral.

The Look of Jove.
"Wide-seeing Zeus look down; as mortals knew by the gods bending under his dark eye.
And huge towers shuddering on the mountain-tops,
And stillness in the valley, in the earth,
And over the deep waters all around earth."
—Lander's Helicon.

People talk much of the precocity of genius. As if it were only connected with genius and singularity. But genius is not precocity; if anything it is exactly the reverse. Genius, in truth, is something more childlike still than childhood—more foolish, more fanciful, and more faithful, and incorrigibly so for life. Instead of anticipating in childhood the mind of a man, it retains in manhood the heart of a child. Every genius is a child, and every child is a genius, morally, if not intellectually, or there is little to be hoped from him. But it is your wise, prudent, hard, sedate children, who are really precocious, born with a kind of spurious native experience of their own, who naturally anticipate that caution and cunning which others so painfully acquire; keeping out of scrapes and disappointments, because they have none of that love and trust which lead other children in. This is the precocity parents should be afraid of. They will have a child who will save them a world of present trouble, who will commit no blunders, and break no bounds, save his pocket money, and spare his clothes, spy out all his brothers' and sisters' faults, and report all the servants' peccadilloes, and will be a little to be hoped from him. But it is your wise, prudent, hard, sedate children, who are really precocious, born with a kind of spurious native experience of their own, who naturally anticipate that caution and cunning which others so painfully acquire; keeping out of scrapes and disappointments, because they have none of that love and trust which lead other children in. This is the precocity parents should be afraid of. They will have a child who will save them a world of present trouble, who will commit no blunders, and break no bounds, save his pocket money, and spare his clothes, spy out all his brothers' and sisters' faults, and report all the servants' peccadilloes, and will be a little to be hoped from him. But it is your wise, prudent, hard, sedate children, who are really precocious, born with a kind of spurious native experience of their own, who naturally anticipate that caution and cunning which others so painfully acquire; keeping out of scrapes and disappointments, because they have none of that love and trust which lead other children in. This is the precocity parents should be afraid of. They will have a child who will save them a world of present trouble, who will commit no blunders, and break no bounds, save his pocket money, and spare his clothes, spy out all his brothers' and sisters' faults, and report all the servants' peccadilloes, and will be a little to be hoped from him.

From Graham's Magazine.
House of a Prophet.
BY JAMES LAWSON.
The day approaches, when a mystic power,
Shall summon mute Antiquity, to tell
The buried glories of the long lost hour,
Then shall we hear what wondrous things befell.
When the young world existed in its prime,
The truths revealed will turn the wisest pale,
That ignorance so long abused their time.
Vainly you error-blessed Truth shall call,
With specious arguments, and looking wise;
But, as millions worship at her shrine;
Yet, in the time ordained, shall Truth arise
And walk in beauty over earth and skies,
While men in reverence bow before her
White-robed divinity.

The setting of the "stars" will be the rising of the sun of the drama.

Life-like Sketch.
"It was at the close of one of the early autumn days of the year 1794—the period when, with the fall of the tyrant philanthropist Robespierre, the Reign of Terror lost its sway, and France began slowly to awaken, with still throbbing heart, as from a deadly nightmare. A thick autumnal haze hovered over the shore enclosed between the two advancing horis of cliff, which marked out the small bay of Eretat and added a somewhat premature gloominess to the thickening fog. Seen through this fantastic veil of fog, the beach presented in one part a strange and almost phantasmagoric picture. Here and there, at irregular distances, glimmered lights, casting a sickly halo round them, which, but for their being stationary, might have been mistaken for the phosphoric gleams of a congregation of *ignes fati*; while, on the other hand, the voices, which, as a noise of many shrill tones, seemed to come from the distance, might have been a credulous imagination with the idea that a party of water-spirits were holding their revels upon the beach; until, upon a nearer approach, the sounds were too evident to be mistaken for anything but the reality—the intense and unceasing chattering of several female tongues. The group, or rather groups of women, from which arose this confusion of voices, formed so strange a scene, and one of a nature so peculiar to the locality, as to demand some explanation.
"According to the tradition of the country, a river formerly pursued its course through the valley leading to Eretat, and hurried foaming and bubbling through the village, before it lost itself in the sea, until, struck by a curse, it afterwards took an underground course. Certain it is, that from among the pebbles of the shelving beach, gushes, from some subterranean spring, a broad fresh-water source, that finds its way to the sea under the masses of shingle with which the shore of Eretat is heaped; and, although checked and covered by the rising tide, this subterranean stream flows freely upon its ebb. Its water is used by the village housewives as a reservoir for the purpose of washing their family linen; and at the hour of low tide they come down to the beach, with bucket, basket, wooden flappers, and other symbols of the mysteries of French washing, scoop themselves a rude basin among the heap of pebbles, until they reach the fresh flow beneath, and then kneel down to their work by its side. These daily ministrations thus naturally depend upon the time of low water: but he it at morning, noon, or night, the washing linen is never neglected—the less so, as it is at that point and hour of general *reunion* that the village gossip and scandal have full play.
"Upon the evening in question, every good housewife and darsel had brought her dim lantern to mid her in her labors, for the hour of low water had fallen late in the twilight, and the haze was thick and gloomy; and as the pale light of the small candle gleamed faintly through the mist on each stooping form enveloped in a dusky cloak, the hood of which was drawn over the face to keep off the chill air, and glanced from the water which splashed beneath the hands, a strange picture was formed, the meaning or even the separate parts of which, it would have been difficult for a stranger to comprehend or sander. Not less confused was the babel discourse of the several fash gossips, as their chatter rose from the incoherent beating and rubbing of the rough materials which filled each impromptu basin of shingle.
"Indeed, and you may say it," said one voice among the number, "these are fearful times, when not a bit of bread is to be had offiines for the poor hungry babes. Would we could have flitted away like seaweeds, with the great folks who left the land. Why, comrades, the very fishes have fled the shores. Ever since the death of the poor king under the axe, not a herring has come to net upon the coast. One would have thought the waters were troubled with blood, and too bitter for the poor creatures; and this year it is no better." "And why should it?" she added in a tone of very questionable resignation. "Who is to pay for our fish, when there are none to buy?"
"And what good did they do us when they were here, your rich folks and your great folks?" said a sour-faced, middle-aged man, raising up her pinched features to the full light of her lantern. "What good did they do us, ramping and tearing about the country with their horses and dogs, and grudging a bit of hard-earned bread to a poor lone woman? I should like to know that, Ma'me Jacqueline!"
"While the poor murdered Marquis and his sainted wife were still at Rocheville, they were kind to me and mine. We never wanted bread then," replied the sturdy Jacqueline. "And let but a tongue wag out against them, and I know where there's a bold one ready for a wipe in their defence, and a stout head to back it, or may be an arm also—do ye hear, Ma'me Bellotte?"
"He was a bloodthirsty aristocrat, and a Pitt, and a Coburg, for all that," murmured Madame Bellotte between her teeth, evidently not well aware of the sense of her out-jurgation, but satisfied with the consolatory consciousness that she was calling hard names.
"And whose eye was dry at Rocheville, whose heart was not heavy at Eretat," pursued Jacqueline, raising up her head and putting back her hood with much energy, "when the sad news came how his head had fallen under the knife—the new-fashioned instrument of death, that works day and night, they say, in the capital, mauling and descending like a living thing? But there are some people whose hearts are as bitter as gall; or may be, their tempers have been soured in their youth, because the lads and lasses of the village made scoffing songs upon them to be sung in the round at the village dances, when their petticoats grew dirty by more and more scanty about their legs, and never a wedding-ring on their fingers."
"Meaning me, Ma'me?" cried Madame Bellotte, rising up upon her knees at this direct sarcasm.
"Where the look catches, there the gill bleeds," was Jacqueline's only answer, as she folded her stout arms before her.
[Second Love, &c.]

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"Indeed, and you may say it," said one voice among the number, "these are fearful times, when not a bit of bread is to be had offiines for the poor hungry babes. Would we could have flitted away like seaweeds, with the great folks who left the land. Why, comrades, the very fishes have fled the shores. Ever since the death of the poor king under the axe, not a herring has come to net upon the coast. One would have thought the waters were troubled with blood, and too bitter for the poor creatures; and this year it is no better." "And why should it?" she added in a tone of very questionable resignation. "Who is to pay for our fish, when there are none to buy?"
"And what good did they do us when they were here, your rich folks and your great folks?" said a sour-faced, middle-aged man, raising up her pinched features to the full light of her lantern. "What good did they do us, ramping and tearing about the country with their horses and dogs, and grudging a bit of hard-earned bread to a poor lone woman? I should like to know that, Ma'me Jacqueline!"
"While the poor murdered Marquis and his sainted wife were still at Rocheville, they were kind to me and mine. We never wanted bread then," replied the sturdy Jacqueline. "And let but a tongue wag out against them, and I know where there's a bold one ready for a wipe in their defence, and a stout head to back it, or may be an arm also—do ye hear, Ma'me Bellotte?"
"He was a bloodthirsty aristocrat, and a Pitt, and a Coburg, for all that," murmured Madame Bellotte between her teeth, evidently not well aware of the sense of her out-jurgation, but satisfied with the consolatory consciousness that she was calling hard names.
"And whose eye was dry at Rocheville, whose heart was not heavy at Eretat," pursued Jacqueline, raising up her head and putting back her hood with much energy, "when the sad news came how his head had fallen under the knife—the new-fashioned instrument of death, that works day and night, they say, in the capital, mauling and descending like a living thing? But there are some people whose hearts are as bitter as gall; or may be, their tempers have been soured in their youth, because the lads and lasses of the village made scoffing songs upon them to be sung in the round at the village dances, when their petticoats grew dirty by more and more scanty about their legs, and never a wedding-ring on their fingers."
"Meaning me, Ma'me?" cried Madame Bellotte, rising up upon her knees at this direct sarcasm.
"Where the look catches, there the gill bleeds," was Jacqueline's only answer, as she folded her stout arms before her.
[Second Love, &c.]

From Graham's Magazine.
House of a Prophet.
BY JAMES LAWSON.
The day approaches, when a mystic power,
Shall summon mute Antiquity, to tell
The buried glories of the long lost hour,
Then shall we hear what wondrous things befell.
When the young world existed in its prime,
The truths revealed will turn the wisest pale,
That ignorance so long abused their time.
Vainly you error-blessed Truth shall call,
With specious arguments, and looking wise;
But, as millions worship at her shrine;
Yet, in the time ordained, shall Truth arise
And walk in beauty over earth and skies,
While men in reverence bow before her
White-robed divinity.

The setting of the "stars" will be the rising of the sun of the drama.

Zschokke.
Not far from the river shore, on the slopes of the hills which shut in the Valley of the Aar, stands amongst other country houses, the villa of a man who, though a native German, has now for many years become, by adoption, a Swiss, and who is one of the very few who have not only entered thoroughly into the life, spirit, and institutions of their adopted country, but have, by writing, speech, and action, done brave battle in her cause, at numerous and trying emergencies. In that vine-covered house upon the hill, surrounded by its beautiful gardens, lives Heinrich Zschokke, whose numerous and well-known writings have excited so much sympathy and admiration in Germany as well as Switzerland. His Swiss History has been a valuable book for the people of Switzerland; and his Autobiography proves how much interest he took, and how various, active, and useful were the parts he played at various times on the political arena. At present he lives in retirement at this villa, built with the receipts of his writings. In having attained through literature the means for such outlay, he does indeed stand alone among the greater number of German authors; but Zschokke's works are not of an ordinary kind, and some of them have brought him a rich remuneration, as for example, his *History of the Bavarian People and their Princes*. He is also now known as the author of the *Hours of Devotion*, which, from its wide circulation, must considerably have improved his pecuniary circumstances. The tall and dignified old man, whose blue eyes still retain their lively and benevolent expression, received me with friendly hospitality into his family circle. He lives like a patriarch, surrounded by sons and grandsons; and, walking in his garden beneath the shadow of trees planted and reared by himself, he conversed with me of his former active life. Many of his sons are in the service of the State of Aargau; one of them is married to Zschokke's adopted daughter, the father of whom it was whose fate suggested to Zschokke his tale of *Almanzade, the Valley Slave*. This beautiful young woman, who, with her children, was on a visit at the house of Zschokke during my stay, added not a little to the charm of the aged patriarch's family circle. From the recent disturbances of Switzerland, Zschokke appears to have held himself entirely aloof, being naturally disinclined, at the age of seventy-six, to mingle again with the wild discord and fierce strife of political parties. His deep enthusiasm for the cause of the people, for which he formerly made such active exertions, remains unchanged; yet many of the warmest desires of modern times may excite in him no responsive emotion, and even in that for which he formerly labored so assiduously he now works only in words, whose influence is incapable of producing much effect on the rapid course of political affairs. From this villa the old statesman, author, teacher, and reformer, looks far out over the blooming valley of the Aar, stretching out before him like a garden; and little is it to be wondered at if he desires no change, living in peaceful enjoyment amid these lovely scenes, surrounded and blessed by his large and happy family, and seeing the canon of which he is a citizen, prosperous, enlightened, and improving, and his own household point of attraction for many a passing traveler, coming to offer his tribute of admiring veneration.—*Switzerland in 1847.*

Female Lovelorn.
Where'er with soft serenity she smiled,
Or caught the gleam of quick surprise,
How sweetly watchable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes!
Each look, each motion, marked a new born grace.
That 'er her form its transient glory cast,
Some lovely wonder soon would guard the place,
Chased by a charm still lovelier than the rest.
—Mason.

National Prejudices.
From the moment in which the exercise of certain expressions of good will is exclusively directed to the body, the class, or nation to which we belong, and is denied to others—from the moment in which they break out into words and deeds of antipathy; from the moment in which the fact that a fellow-man speaks a different language, or lives under a different government, constitutes him an object of contempt, abhorrence, or misdoings—from that moment it is mischievous. A toast for example, in America, as if it knew how little either could weigh in the balance with its own deep repose.

There is no model like a lovely baby for true equality—dignity—the wide open gaze, the hands' slow movement, the proud drawing up of the usual etiquette be transgressed reminding us of the beautiful lines in the *Lays Innocentium*:
Why so stately, maiden fair,
Why thy hand thus raised,
Why thy eyes thus raised,
Gathering up thy queenly train—
The round, portly form, moving slowly to and fro, imbedded in lawn and fine linen. And then, when a few months older, the only royal impatience of opposition, the automatic air with which spoon and rattle are dashed down, the haughty stare if some auditory voice exclaim, "Baby! baby!" and then the celestial smile, half to forgive, half for having been angry with her.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Love's Messenger.
"She was sent forth
To bring that light which never waxes blast
Blaze out, nor rain which never extinguishes,
The light that shines from loving eyes upon
Ryes that love look, till they can see no more."
—[Lander's Helicon.]

Children's Society.
The society of young children is, in a high degree, softening and refining to the mind. You seldom see nurse-maids with vulgar, rough manners. They acquire a kind of sister-of-charity expression from the constant atmosphere of tenderness and simplicity in which they live. The French have a right name for them, as they have for most things. They call her *"la bonne."* We can't help thinking, too, that in most cases she is a far better companion to the child in its first years than even its own mother. Her absence of intellect is more on a par with the child's than of its. She is not, as perpetually probing for the young idea, to see whether it be shooting. She has a kind of passive patience and dumb fidelity, upon which the child's nature can more easily repose. A child may actually learn but little from its nurse, though the reverse is often the case, but with her it is always the child. Even an unprincipled woman will be innoxious towards the children committed to her charge. She may be robbing the parents, but she will respect the child.—There is something in the very tenor of her charge which brings out the tender maternal feeling dormant in every woman's breast, and the purer here for being unmitigated with any of the vulgar cares of life. They are *bona fide* children, without any of the drawbacks of anxiety for their future provision, or labor for their present wants. She lives in luxury with only the duties of a mother. Every other mother has many more.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

too horizontal, a flatness of lustre arises, for the light passes more easily through the crystal in the direction of its poles than transversely through its lumens; it is therefore in a thin brilliant less reflected. Experience has found that the discovery of larger diamonds bears a fixed proportion to that of smaller, so that the price is regulated, accordingly—the rule of calculation being that as the square of the weights so must be the value.

So jealous are the Indians of the size of their diamonds, that when they work them they make the facets follow the form in which the stone is found, be it a perfect or imperfect crystal; but rather than this small loss, they frequently are content with them unwrought. Stones of extraordinary size are claimed as the property of the Prince, and transmitted as heir-looms, through generations, a small dot being made in some part of the stone by each possessor.—The finest collection of gems in the world is in the possession of the Shah of Persia, obtained by the plunder of Delhi about two centuries ago. Cardinal Mazarin, in the reign of Louis XIV., was the first who wore a brilliant. This truly scientific arrangement is, therefore, but of modern invention. Extraordinary value attaches to some diamonds. The largest diamond in the world is in the possession of the Great Mogul, in form and size equal to half a hen's egg, weighing about 700 carats; supposing it to be worked and fine, giving £8 as the value of a single carat stone, and applying the rule of geometrical progression, the result is enormous. The next in size is the Brazilian diamond, in the possession of the King of Portugal, weighing 215 carats. The third is an oriental diamond, bought by Catherine, Empress of Russia for £50,000, and an annuity of £4,000. The fourth is the Pit or Regent diamond, bought by the Duke of Orleans for £100,000 now in the crown of France. To those of merely material consideration such values may be indications of folly; but to those who regard gems as symbols of idleness, as without doubt they have been, and even now are held, money seems but a poor parallel. The supplies of Europe are chiefly drawn from Brazil. The famed mines of Golconda are no longer worked, and but a limited quantity, in value about £100,000 per year, is still sent from Allahabad in Hindostan. The great influx of diamonds which followed their discovery in South America alarmed the holders about the year 1735, lest diamonds should become as plentiful as pebble stones. They fell greatly in value, but have since regained their worth, and have for years maintained a value rarely increasing than diminishing with the growing wealth of the world.—*History and Object of Jewellery.*

The Broomrider.
"What so beautiful
As that gray robe which clings about these cloes,
Like mist to stones adorning leaves to trees,
Yet lets her bloom rise and fall in turn,
As, taught by zephyrs, fall and rise the boughs
Of graceful platan by the river-side."
—[Lander's Helicon.]

The Nursery.
The nursery is a wonderful world, and all that therein is, but baby is the greatest wonder of all. That little separate thing in the world—incommunicating with others, unremembered by itself—that mysterious state of being before the deluge of memory sets in, lying there, like a hermit in its cell, as if gathering strength in passive contemplation for the world's encounter. Who says that a baby does not think or feel? Have they never seen that strange smile breaking "through clouds of infant flesh," and then passing away, as if it caught for the moment the harmonies of heaven? Or have they never heard that stranger sigh—the first spontaneous language of one who is "born to sorrow"—as if it heard from afar the growing joy of this earth—incoherent, to our apprehensions, as it lies passively there, either of this world or that, yet stamped by that very smile and sigh, as the being who stands mysteriously between both?

But the noise and uproar have been too much! The round lustreous eyes are wide open, which like the eyes of the divine child in the Sistine Madonna, seem to look at nothing, in gazing beyond all things, and baby is seated on nurse's knee. There it sits, the little stranger, who dwelleth so calmly amongst us, without speech or movement, though brothers and sisters are screaming and running around it, looking so serenely content, as if it knew how little either could weigh in the balance with its own deep repose.

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A Portrait.
BY CHARLES SWAIN.
Loving and lovely
Daisies she on,
Never insinuating
Love can be gone!
Full of affection,
Springing like flowers;
Friendships, attachments,
Strengthening the hours!
Seeing no nutmum—
Feeling all change—
Earth is a paradise
Angels yet range;
Nature's a theatre,
Lit by the stars—
None but the actors—
Its loveless mate!
Sleep is the dream—
Grud as a dream—
Life and Eternity
Being its theme!
Oh! for youth's purity,
Oh! for youth's glances,
Feeling futurity
Thus, through romance!
Wee for experience!
Hourly it sends
Sorrow to lovers' ears,
Coldness to friends!
Wee for attachment!
Love that deceives;
Hopes that are falling;
Withered like leaves!
Better, then beautiful,
Die in her youth,
Than suffer the sorrow
Of knowing the truth!

Children's Playthings.
There is an immense deal to be learnt, too, in the varieties of children's crying. Not only in the judgment of the child's individual character, but for sound instruction in the art of passion and passion. There is a good, earnest, open roar, of quickly raised and quickly spent, which is an excellent promise—the expression of a good heart, which clears the air without muddling the ground. And there is a patient, monotonous, wearying-out snivel, with no expenditure of strength or voice, which augurs a weak intellect, and one of those amiable dispositions which provokes you more than a decidedly bad one. Each of these is an excellent study—the one to intimidate, and the other to tire—rarely failing of their end on any stage, but neither succeed in touching the heart. For this, however children are matchless as examples. There is a depth of helpless, prostrate affliction; sobs, and sighs, now hemmed in, now breaking forth again, with a sobbing kind of back-water stroke; which one could imagine the Babes of the Wood to have uttered at the very moment they laid down and died, that "no heart that breathes with human breath" could ever resist. And then again there is a pale, hopeless look, with quiet, tickling tears, as if the little heart were driven to the last refuge of self-pity, or had caught the first glimmering of the meaning of despair, which is ten times worse.

What is so still as silent tears?
Most children cry, and it is a safe and desirable sign. Some cry to please themselves, and some to please their mothers. There are only two sorts who abstain, as different as light and darkness, though often confounded. The one is the haughty spirit, the other the sullen temper. The first with gentle usage and implicit trust, you need never despair of the latter, alas! will tire out the fondest physician.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Rewards of Literature.
Stowe, the famous historian, devoted his life and exhausted his patrimony in the study of English antiquities; he traveled on foot throughout the kingdom, inspecting all the monuments of antiquity, and rescuing what he could from the dispersed libraries of the monasteries. His stupendous collections, in his own handwriting, still exist to provoke the feeble industry of literary loiterers. He felt through life the enthusiasm of study, and seated in his monkish library, living with the dead more than with the living, he was still a student of taste; for Spenser, the poet, visited the library of Stowe, and the first good edition of Chaucer was made so chiefly by the labors of our author. Late in life, worn out by study and the cares of poverty,